

"LET ME NOT MURDER COMPLAIN."

Let me not much complain of life, in age,
Life is not faulty, life is well enough,
For those who love their daily round
Of doing.

And take things round, over in the rough,
Turning from day to day the same old
page,
And their old knowledge ever more
renewing.

I have known many such; through life they went
With moderate use of moderate
heritage,
Giving and spending, saving as they
saw.

These are wise men, though never
counted sage;
They looked for little, easy men to
please;

But I, more deeply drunk of life's full
cup,
Feel, as my lips come nearer to the
cup,

I dived for pearls, and brought but
pebbles up.

—Thomas W. Parsons, in the Century.

A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

All my life I had been—well, not
exactly a woman hater, but a firm
believer in the idea that man is the
lord of creation, and that woman is
not an absolute necessity. For
many years it was my proud boast
that I was able to dispense with female
aid and yet live a very enjoy-
able life, as, with clockwork regu-
larity, I went from my bachelor
lodgings to business each morning,
returning in the afternoon and spend-
ing the evening at the club or some
place of amusement. The idea of
having a lady companion in my ram-
bles never entered my head.

True, my landlady, good old soul,
prepared my meals and cleaned my
rooms, but that was because I had
not time to do it myself, and a man
servant was beyond my means. But
in all else I dispensed with woman's
aid. Boot cleaning, sewing buttons
on, lighting the fire, etc., were all
done with my own hands—nay, at a
pinch, I have even washed a pocket
handkerchief.

I desired to stand forth as a liv-
ing example of the original Adam
and a proof of the superfluity of the
modern Eve. But my misguided
companions refused to profit by my
teachings or to follow my example.
One by one they fell under female in-
fluence, one by one they married,
and then—I cut them dead. Ah, me!
Those free Bohemian days were hap-
py ones, as year after year I pursued
my adopted course in spite of the
continual falling off of my comrades.
Then came a time when my circle of
acquaintances had decreased so con-
siderably that I began to feel lonely.
Bachelor chums were more difficult
to find than ever. To loneliness suc-
ceeded melancholy, and I grew mis-
erable.

One friend, to whom I laid bare my
woes, said:
"You keep to yourself too much.
What you ought to do is to lodge
with some family where there are
two or three grown up daughters.
They would wake you up a bit."

This, to me, the hitherto ideal
advocate of an Eveless Eden! And yet,
after the advice had been tendered
several times, I began to think that
such a change might be beneficial.
Such a course need not involve the
rendering up of my tenets; but, as
woman still formed a part of the
world, she might at least contribute
to my amusement. So, after very
serious consideration, I decided to seek
fresh apartments, with light society
thrown in.

Now my troubles commenced. I
could not make the direct inquiry,
"Have you any grown up daughters?"
So I generally viewed the rooms, lis-
tening to the landlady's verbiage,
the rent, and then casually asked,
"Have you any children?" and the
reply would be, "Yes, four," "five,"
or "six," (as the case might be);
"the eldest is 16 years old and the
youngest 2 months. But they are as
good as gold and never make a bit
of noise."

The numberless journeys I made
and the many desultory conversations
I listened to were to no purpose.
No one appeared to possess grown up
daughters—the eldest was always 10.
Just when I was about to abandon
my search of fortune—or was it fate?
—led me to Myrtle Villa, Par-
adise Gardens, Upper Dulwich. The
door was opened by a vision of love-
liness, faultlessly dressed, and with
bright blue eyes and golden hair.
"Newly married," thought I, "well,
here at least the eldest won't be 10!"
She invited me in, and then disap-
peared; a middle aged lady entering
directly after, we proceeded to dis-
cuss terms. Then came the inevi-
table inquiry as to children.

"I have two grown up daughters,
the younger of whom opened the
door for you."

At last! Need I say that, within
a week, I was installed in Myrtle
Villa? The landlady (a widow) was
a genial, homely woman, and the
youngest daughter, Annie, aged 25,
I have already described, but the
other daughter, Julia, did not im-
press me favorably. She was neither
good looking nor pleasing, and, with-
out being exactly bad tempered, al-
ways insisted on having her own
way.

I now seemed to be in a new world.
My boots bore a brilliant luster each
morning without my aid, and my
slippers were laid ready for me in the
evening, and as for lending me a
needle and cotton—the ideal—if I
would only leave them outside they
would only be too happy.

I no longer needed to seek relaxa-
tion at the club after the labors of
the day. Julia played the piano well
(her only accomplishment), while
Annie sang divinely, and thus the
evenings passed all too quickly. Male
acquaintances there did not seem to
possess—yet stay, there was one—a
Mr. Malcolm, whose name I frequen-
tly heard mentioned, but as his call-
was always made in the daytime, I
never saw him. I had rapidly passed
into that condition of mind which
raised a feeling of jealousy on his ac-
count, so one day I questioned my
landlady on the subject.

"Oh, he's a very old friend of ours."

Once we thought he would have
proposed to Julia, but nothing came of
it.

What a relief! Only Julia!
So time went pleasantly on, and
then—how can I confess it?—my life-
long creed was thrown to the winds,
my proud ambition humbled in the
dust, and I became a willing slave to
the sex I had so long despised and
ignored. My only thought now was,
how and in what words I should be-
seach my darling Annie to become
my wife. Time after time I was on
the point of speaking, but Julia al-
ways turned up at the critical mo-
ment.

One evening Julia announced that
a week thence she had an engage-
ment to play at a concert. Then
burst upon me a brilliant inspiration.
I purchased two stall tickets for the
Lyceum for that same evening, and,
making pretense that I had them
given to me, I persuaded Annie to
promise to accompany me. This
time Julia would not be able to in-
terfere, and I should know my fate.
In two months time I should be tak-
ing my summer holiday, which would
fit in just nicely for the honeymoon.
On the eventful day I hastened
homeward with a queer fluttering in
my heart and a flower spray for
Annie in my hat. Julia opened the
door, and hardly permitted me to
enter before she informed me that
Annie had been out in the hot sun,
and had been obliged to go to bed
with a very bad sick headache. My
fluttering heart gave one huge bound
and then seemed to stand still. How-
ever, to disguise my feelings, I said:
"I am sorry, and you have to play
at the concert?"

"No," she replied, "the concert
has been postponed."

"Then may I beg the pleasure of
your company? I did not ask you
before because of the concert en-
gagement."

"Thanks. I shall enjoy it im-
mensely."

What a miserable failure that
evening proved to be! I do not even
know what the play was called. I
was thinking all the time of my poor,
sick darling, and not of the acting or
the woman who sat by my side wear-
ing the flower spray that was meant
for Annie.

The words were still unspoken
when my holidays arrived, and, tear-
ing myself away from the two sis-
ters, who stood at the gate and
waved their handkerchiefs as long as
I remained in sight, it was with no
feelings of joyful anticipation that I
betook myself to Hastings for rest
and recreation.

Rest! Where could I find it? Not
on the parade or pier amidst hun-
dreds of couples promenading, as I
had pictured Annie and myself doing;
not on the beach where the Ethio-
pian musicians were eternally play-
ing "Annie Laurie," "Sweet Annie
Rooney" and "Annie, Dear, I'm
Called Away." For a whole week I
wandered aimlessly hither and
thither. Then I could stand it no
longer. So I wrote a long letter com-
mencing "Darling," and pouring out
the impassioned, pent up love that
comes but once in a man's lifetime.
I besought and beseeched her to take
pity upon me, or my lifeless body
should serve in the billows that beat
relentlessly on the rocks of Beachy
Head.

When I had finished, I happened
to catch sight of a photograph which
I had purchased the previous day,
representing one of the yachts pre-
paring to start on her morning trip,
with my own figure in a prominent
position in the bows. "Ah," thought
I, "I'll send that to Julia."

If it were possible I had now less
rest than before, night or day, while
waiting for the answer. Rising in
the morning with haggard looks and
burning brow, the other boarders
would remark that the sea air did not
seem to agree with me, while under
the mask of supreme indifference
there raged within me the fiercest
volcano that ever burned in the heart
of man.

At last the reply came, and, bound-
ing up to the privacy of my own
room, and trembling fingers I tore
open the envelope which hid from me—
life or death?

"Dearest, I am your's forever. I
cannot say your proposal was un-
expected, for I have felt that you
could mean nothing less, ever since
that evening when you so openly ex-
pressed your preference for me by
taking me to the theater."

What! Where! Where!!! I
looked at the signature—"Julia."
Oh, Heaven! I saw it all. I had
placed them in the wrong envelope,
and sent the letter to Julia and the
photograph to Annie! How I raged
and fumed and tore my hair, until
at last, in sheer exhaustion, I sank
into a chair and endeavored to finish
reading the letter.

"Annie thanks you very much for
photo, and she desires me to tell
you that yesterday Mr. Malcolm
proposed to her and was accepted.
We will have the two weddings on
the same day. Won't that be nice,
dear?"

Nice! This was the last straw.
Nice, indeed, for me to be married to
a woman I did not care for, and at
the same time to see the one I loved
given to another man! I cannot re-
member what I did for the next hour,
or two beyond cursing my foolish-
ness and swearing I wouldn't marry
Julia. Then, when I became calmer,
I saw an action for breach of
promise looming. I thought of all
my hard earned savings of years
being swept away by a sympathetic
jury to heal Julia's broken heart.
There was no escape for me. She
had my letter, which simply com-
menced "Darling," and as no name
was mentioned in it from beginning
to end, was it possible that any body
of intelligent men could be brought
to believe that I intended it for An-
nie when I addressed the envelope to
Julia? No, no. I must go through
with it—I would marry Julia. Yes,
and I would teach her that man is
the lord of creation, and that woman
is but a helpmate, and not an equal,
and so, in my married life, triumph-
antly assert those principles which I
had held so long.

Julia married me at the same time
and place as Annie became Mrs.
Malcolm. I now spend my evenings
endeavoring to solve a difficult prob-
lem, and that is, why do they call
woman the weaker sex?

The average price of parrots in South
America is 10 cents.

DON'T DODGE A BICYCLE.

It Only Confuses the Rider and May
Cause an Accident.

"But before bicycling will ever be-
come a success a meeting must be
called for the purpose of allowing the
wheelmen and the pedestrian to arrive
at some understanding. I am in favor
of a convention or something of that
sort," said a prominent wheelman to
a reporter.

"As it is now, a rider comes down
the street and sees ahead of him at a
crossing a man or woman who is sup-
posed to be endowed with reasonable
intelligence. This person is in the act
of crossing the street. He looks up,
sees the rider coming and stands still
right in the middle of the street. Of
course, he is mentally calculating his
chances for getting across safely. One
can see the workings of his mind in the
muscular contortions of his face."

"In the meantime the rider is getting
closer and closer and is in a study
equally as profound as to what the per-
son is going to do. The pedestrian
takes a step forward, takes another
glance up the street, stops, starts back,
makes an effort to reach the pavement
steps again, starts forward, stops—

"Of course, by this time the cyclist
is almost at a standstill and is also
signaling from one side to the other
waiting and muttering. What he says
depends upon whether he is a man or a
woman. The pedestrian seems to give
up all possibility of escape, faces the
rider, both arms extended, jumps from
one foot to the other and the two col-
lide. The cyclist is thrown to the
ground, his wheel twisted and he gets
the blame."

"And how easily all this can be avoid-
ed. Let the pedestrian instead of per-
forming all these trying evolutions
merely walk along as though there was
nothing behind him, keep his course
and the cyclist will know what to do.
He will turn his wheel to one side and
slide past with perfect ease and safety.
On the crossing let a man walk along
as though there was not a bicycle in the
State, and the wheelman will judge his
course accordingly. He has control of
his wheel and is as anxious not to col-
lide as the other fellow. That's all we
want. We merely ask that people walk
along about their business and we
shall not molest them."

"In the case of a horse which is not
readily managed the rider or driver
may be on the alert and skilful, and
there may be no collision; but with a
bicycle the rider has control, and if the
pedestrians will only go along and not
get rattled there will be no collisions.
This is what I want the people to know,
and the only way it seems for them to
learn this is to hold a convention or
something."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Sir Humphrey Davy's Strange Light.
Sir Humphrey was alone in his room
one evening attired in a dressing gown
and a nightcap, constructed on the an-
cient conical pattern, with a tassel for
the apex, of which I suppose hardly a
specimen could be found in these de-
generate days. Suddenly he saw a
mysterious light on the ceiling of his
room for which he could not account
in any way. His scientific zeal was
aroused at once to discover the cause;
it must be a reflected light, perhaps
from some celestial phenomenon in the
sky. He rushed to the window and
looked out, but all was as usual in the
darkened heavens.

He extinguished the lamp, thinking
that its flame might have become sin-
gularly polarized on the ceiling; but
there was no change in the circular
light over his head except that it seem-
ed growing brighter. He tried every
plan he could think of to explain it,
but in vain. The great man was com-
pletely puzzled—he stood gazing up-
ward open-mouthed, while his acute
brain was intent on the mystery. Pres-
ently, however, he became aware that
the receptacle in which the wise brain
was inclosed had a sensation of un-
pleasant warmth, while an odor, ap-
parently due to the frizzling of hair,
was making itself strongly felt. In-
voluntarily he snatched off his night-
cap, and then discovered that he had
set fire to the tassel thereof in bonding
over the lamp while engaged in an ex-
periment, and the strange circle of light
was at once explained, to his no small
indignation.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Photographing Growth of Plants.
Photography has lately been applied
to record the movements of growing
plants, and it is not necessary to add
that some curious results have been
obtained.

A photograph of a growing hopvine,
taken at intervals of sixty seconds,
shows that the movements of the
young stems consist of a succession of
irregular circular and elliptical curves,
which vary every minute, even as to
direction.

Photography has also proven, con-
trary to the old accepted idea, that
plants grow continuously and uninterr-
uptedly, even when asleep.—St. Louis
Republic.

An Urgent Landlady.
An aged lady complained to a Lon-
don magistrate that because she was a
little behind with her rent her landlady
followed her to church and asked for
it there. The landlady came into the
pew alongside of her, and when she was
joining in the responses was constantly
whispering to her about the rent. When
it came to the response, "Incline our
hearts," the landlady would add "to
pay our rent." The magistrate said it
was very annoying, but there was nothing
illegal in it.

Oxford in the Lead.
In this, as in the last British minis-
try, Oxford men decidedly propen-
dent over the representatives of the sister
universities. Of Mr. Gladstone's cabi-
net eight were Oxonians and six were
from Cambridge. Lord Salisbury, him-
self educated at Christchurch, has with
him three ministers whose names have
been included on the roll of the same
foundation. Beyond these there are
five other Oxford men, making nine in
all. The three Cambridge representa-
tives are all Trinity men.

Genuine Diamonds.
The best and simplest test for dia-
monds is one recently discovered. If
the gem glows in the dark when rubbed
on cloth it is a diamond. Other stones
and paste do not possess this property.

Experimental Farms.

The federal government of Canada
has for some time been taking an active
interest in the improvement of agri-
cultural methods throughout the prov-
inces. There are at present twelve
farms in Canada especially equipped
for this purpose. The central experi-
mental farm, which is situated near
Ottawa, is perhaps the best example
of these stations. It comprises about
five hundred acres of land with a com-
plete outfit of buildings and necessary
machinery. The buildings are espe-
cially fitted up for cattle, horses, pigs
and poultry, and all of these are well
stocked. There is also a dairy equipped
with modern appliances for carrying
on experimental work. The farm also
includes a seed-testing and propagat-
ing house and conservatory. The staff
of workers includes a director, an ag-
riculturist, a horticulturist, a botanist,
an entomologist, a chemist, a poultry
manager, a foreman of forestry and
several assistants.

For Treaty Purposes Only.
In making treaties with China, each
foreign country has chosen its own
name. England is Ying Kwo, the flour-
ishing country; the United States, Mei
Kwo, the beautiful country; Germany,
Je Kwo, the virtuous country; France,
Fa Kwo, the law-abiding country;
Italy, I Kwo, the country of justice;
Japan is Ji Kwo, the land of the sun,
but prefers to be called Ji Pen, the land
of the rising sun.

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